

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

On the Way to the Elm.

By LILY WONDEL.
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NETTIE stood in the doorway of her little attic bedroom and read the letter—a proposal and the first one she had had. "Probably the last," she told herself without bitterness. When you live on a little farm miles and miles from nowhere and are extremely bashful and hard to get acquainted with, what chance have you in the matrimonial line?

It was a short letter, to the point, signed James C. Hines. He was her neighbor, a splendid man, everybody liked him and Nettie knew him well, saw and chatted with him every day. She admired him, enjoyed talking to him, respected his advice and felt a little flattered that he wanted her. Of course she had been all kinds of things. Little packages of her favorite seeds, and baskets of berries or specially nice fruit. Then he had asked her once or twice how she would like to live on the Hines farm. Even the family had noticed and teased, at least brother Will had remarked, "guess some day we'll have Nettie as a neighbor!" And father and mother smiled approvingly.

It was all very nice except that he was a widower with six children! And two were older than she! True, she had known them of her life but that made it all the more difficult. Ned, the oldest, was an old playmate. Now he was counting Sally Watts in the village and Jim, the next in age, had been away from the farm a good deal and in the last years Nettie felt strange toward him. Jim seemed to avoid her and that hurt so much that sometimes it brought hot tears to her eyes. Such an old feeling came over her when she saw him saunter along with Ned to the Watts house. Sally had a younger sister, very pretty and jolly and why should not Jim go with her?

Nettie folded her letter and placed it in her top bureau drawer, still thinking, considering. She was to meet him under the old elm around the twist in the lane if her answer was favorable. Meet him at 5 o'clock and now it was ten minutes to the hour. Mentally she turned over his good points again but always bobbed up, the six children! Imagine having Jim at the table every day and being called mother! It was ridiculous—impossible!

But she liked him immensely, he would be a good husband, a very kind one, and in spite of being twice her age she had to admit he was young and boyish-looking and full of fun. Only yesterday he had helped her plant dahlias and how they had joked and laughed together. The day before he had fixed her sewing. He was always doing those little nice things that count so much in everyday life.

"I know," she decided finally, "I'll ask mother! All my life she has solved my problems and given me the right advice. Isn't it the most natural thing in the world that I go to her with this very important question?"

Mrs. Emmet sat on the leaf-covered back porch knitting. She looked up with a surprised smile when Nettie, very grave-faced, stepped out and without a word placed the letter in her mother's hands.

"My dear girl," when she had finished reading it, "we all have expected this for some time." She laughed happily and took one of her daughter's cold hands. "How excited and nervous you are, dear child! What is it, Nettie?"

"I want to know, mother, shall I accept him?" in a low, tense voice.

"Nettie, you must know that yourself. All I can say is that I would be very pleased if you would. You know him so well and he loves you very dearly. Don't you love him, pet?"

"I don't know," answered Nettie in a mischievous, feline voice.

"Believe you are dead over heels in love and don't know it!"

"But all the children, mother," burst out Nettie despairingly.

"What children?"

"Oh, you know very well. Esther, Ned and the rest!"

"Oh, don't let them bother you. Most of them are grown. How foolish you are, Nettie!"

"I cannot take such a step lightly. I see all the responsibility that comes with such a marriage."

Mrs. Emmet drew her daughter down on her lap. "Nettie, look into your heart and let that alone decide you. Many a foolish little girl has let her right man slip away because she weighed and considered and judged and wanted to make so cocksure of everything that she lost all. If you are so excited that you cannot think clearly and really want mother's advice, let me tell you—go to the old elm and decide there. Hurry, too, because it's fifteen minutes past now."

Nettie gave her mother a quivering kiss and hastened down the path. For the first time in her life she felt disappointed in her mother, as though in this great turning point of her life she had failed her. Oh, she felt like hiding somewhere and sobbing her heart out and not going to the old elm at all. She was on the lane now, just before the twist and a tiny footpath lay to her left. It did not lead to the house.

She stepped into it, hurried toward the old elm and bumped into something—somebody—Jim!

"Nettie!" She was in his arms, her cheek on his rough coat. "I waited and waited—you did not come. You did not mean it for no, did you? I love you so that it hurts for years, Nettie. I never could get up courage. Yesterday I spoke to your mother. He stopped to find her lips and then looked questioning down at her eyes."

"Oh, I was on my way to the old Jim, truly I was. You can call mother when we go back to the house."

A Shrewd Woman.

Mrs. A.—Why do you watch the baseball bulletins so closely?

Mrs. B.—My husband is a fan and he makes it a rule never to discuss household or military expenses with me except on days when the home team wins.—Boston Transcript.

"Give Till It Hurts."

Grownups may learn something from little Johnnie. On the morning of his birthday this notice was found pasted on the door of his room:

"Remember my birthday, give till it hurts."—Oregon Journal.

Pannier Idea
Distinguishes
Quaint FrockBy CORA MOORE.
New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—The dress illustrated is a quaint affair of white voile that might have been copied from a Godey's Ladies' book.

A flounce of large scallops edged with fine Valenciennes lace finishes off the skirt, which also features a unique variation of the pannier effect.

The largest shawl is gathered at the waist with a bunch of artificial flowers tied with ribbon.

CONFESSIONS
OF A BRIDE
(Copyright, 1930.)

An exquisite contralto laugh, floating above the rattle of the dishes, reached my ears. My husband's fine bass tones harmonized with it. Usually Bob does not consider wiping the dishes a mirth-provoking entertainment. I suppose he wouldn't care to have any one but his mother know that he ever takes a dish towel in his hand. Of course, we could always avoid the task by going to one of the clubs or hotels for dinner the evenings the maid is away, but Bob and I prefer a dinner at home even if the price is "doing the dishes" afterward. Bob likes all the time he can get at home to do a little reading.

Katherine Miller laughs exquisitely. When I heard Bob's laugh mingled musically with hers, as they worked at my kitchen sink, I stood up as rigid as the fine gladioli stalks I had been cutting. I understood for the first time a certain little criticism my husband had recently made of my voice.

Bob and I were waiting in a noisy station for a train, and I was telling him something important, in nervous high tones, when my husband interrupted me abruptly: "You're talking too loud! I like a contralto voice, you know!"

Bob didn't intend to be brutal—he never is that—and I didn't intend to be touchy, although I sometimes am, I suppose. I realize that my voice is often strained and perhaps unpleasant when I am compelled to raise it. Bob has said, so considerably, at such times: "Softly, girly!"

And I have wanted to hug him for his gentleness. And so it is no wonder that I was surprised when he spoke as he did in the railroad station and that I had to turn from him to conceal my tears.

Bob didn't go on with my bit of news, and Bob never noticed when I stopped speaking!

The reason for his sharp criticism came to me in a flash as I listened to Katherine's low laugh. It was the contralto note in her slow speech which my husband had contrasted with my rapid flow of words and my high-pitched voice. Remembering her contralto, Bob was irritated and exasperated by the inferior quality of my soprano and for the first time in our wedded life!

I sat down on a garden bench and listened to the rust of small talk in the kitchen. Of course, I couldn't hear what they were saying—I wasn't listening in that sense. It was taking Bob and Katherine an unnecessarily long time to finish those dishes. My little revenge for their ride wasn't proving sweet.

I analyzed Katherine's laugh: it was too even, it was always exactly the same. It sounded as if she had practiced it like an actress. Probably some man had once told her that her laugh was charming above that of all other women—and now—she was trying the charm of it on my husband! The hateful thing!

And Bob couldn't see—or hear—as I did—that there was nothing spontaneous—nothing sincere in her laugh.

He liked a contralto voice!

"Maybe he can't help liking a woman whose laugh harmonizes with his own," said myself to myself as I tried to shape my lips into a smile before going back to the kitchen. "Maybe it's a trick of nature. Maybe the harmonizing laugh of a man and a woman indicate harmonizing dispositions—or a disposition to harmonize!"

Pleasant News.

Young Man—What did your pa say when he heard I had kissed your sister?

Little Girl—He said that was encouraging.—Boston Transcript.

The Mormon temple, in process of erection since 1914, at Calgary, Alberta, will cost \$1,500,000 when completed.

According to Lloyd's, the gross tonnage of the U. S. Shipping vessels has increased 500 per cent. since 1914.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1930, N. E. A.)

Grass stains often play havoc with white skirts and dresses. To remove a grass stain spread butter over the stain and lay in the sun.

If the dress stained is a delicate color that will fade if exposed to the sun's direct rays, cover all the cloth except the stain with a piece of dark heavy cloth that will exclude the light.

Watch the stain and remove the garment from the sun as soon as the stain disappears.

Menu for Tomorrow
Breakfast—Melons, cereal with top milk, toast, coffee.
Luncheon—Succotash, brown bread, new pickles, tea.
Dinner—Baked fish, shoestring potatoes, new beets, cabbage salad, huckleberry pudding, coffee.

My Own Recipes.
An old New England dish is that of green corn and beans. String beans may be used in place of lima but should be shelled. If the corn is cooked on the cob and then cut off, there is little danger of the dish burning during the cooking. Corn cut from the cob and cooked in its own milk with a

little water added is prone to burn.
NEW PICKLES
1 quart small cucumbers
1 quart little onions
1 quart large cucumbers
1 quart green tomatoes
1 large cauliflower
4 peppers

DRESSING
1 cup flour
5 tablespoons mustard
1 tablespoon tumeric
1 cup sugar
6 cups vinegar

Wash vegetables. Slice large cucumber and tomatoes. Divide cauliflower into small pieces. Cut peppers into shreds. Make a brine of 4 quarts of water and 2 cups of salt. Pour over the vegetables and let stand 24 hours. Heat enough to scald and then drain. Mix flour, mustard, tumeric to a smooth paste with a little water. Add sugar and vinegar. Boil this mixture until it thickens and is smooth. Add vegetables and cook until well heated. Bottle and seal while hot.

Closely cropped lawns make an attractive neighborhood but why will some neighbor insist on letting his cropping at 5 a. m. MARY.

MANNINGTON

Out of Navy.

Okey Yost, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Yost, of East Main street, returned home on Saturday evening from Washington, D. C., where he was discharged a few days previous from the naval hospital on account of physical disability. He had been in the navy fifteen months and was in the hospital for three months prior to his discharge.

Attend Fair.

Harry J. Matthews and son, Marshall, Peter Price, Everett W. Beatty and Robert Furbee were among those who attended the fair at Waynesburg the past week.

Truck Party to County Seat.

Darius Fromhart and Frank Cross, local young men treated a number of their friends to a truck ride to Fairmont on Friday evening. The party had lunch at Underwood on route and returned home after a very enjoyable evening. Twenty boys and girls were in the crowd.

Called by Mother's illness.

The four Morris brothers, employed by the Marion Window Glass company, were called to their homes at Millville, N. J., by the serious illness of their mother.

Position at Fairmont.

Harry Stephens, who for several years was a clerk in the C. Howard Long store in Market street, has accepted a position in the Leopold men's furnishing store in Fairmont.

"Speeder" Fined.

A well known local man was fined eight dollars in police court on Saturday for attempting to break the automobile speed record on one of the city's principal streets. Speeding in the city limit.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Scramble Squirrel a Prisoner

"Ah ha!" exclaimed Tingaling when Mrs. Squirrel told him that Scramble, her husband, had got so fat she couldn't get into her own house. "If that is the case, why don't you go in and let him stay out. That's what Mrs. Tingaling did when I got in a ham-mock in the back yard."

"Oh, yes, added Nick, "and Daddy often sleeps outside in our tent when it's hot. Once he let Nancy and me sleep there, too!"

"Humph!" snorted Mrs. Squirrel, "don't you s'pose I'd let Scramble sleep out, and live out, and stay out only too gladly! There's just one trouble. I can't get him out."

"Goodness!" cried Tingaling, "That's funny! Why, I remember particularly that when he took the place and signed the lease, he measured the doorway with his whiskers. He says, says he: 'Mr.



Just then they heard an awful sigh, and turning they beheld Scramble himself.

Tingaling, this doorway is just wide enough. Because, if my whiskers will go in without touching at either side, my body will go in nicely too."

"Of course!" nodded Mrs. Squirrel, "but he was as skinny as a bone then, after starving all winter. The trouble was that after moving in, we found the pantry chuck full of goodies, hickorynuts, and hazelnuts, and acorns, and what-not, that last year's people had left behind them. And Scramble was so hungry he ate up nearly the entire stock at one meal, never noticing that his sides were getting like watermelons. When he did discover what had happened, it was too late! He couldn't get out of the house! He stuck tight every time he tried."

Just then they heard an awful sigh, and turning they beheld Scramble himself, or rather his head, gazing wistfully at them from the doorway.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THAT LEAVES TOM PERFECTLY SAFE)—BY ALLMAN.

With a Distinctive Suit
One is Ready for Autumn

SCHEPTICISM disappears in the face of facts. Those who insist that in the clothes world there is nothing new, have but to see the Osgood's Suits now gathered in large and varied assortments. Lines, in themselves examples of originality and smartness, have been made even more charming through the introduction of rich embroidery trimmings and the lavish use of fur. Tailored models are of serge and tricotine and so are many elaborate modes, but it remains for duvetyn to furnish the exquisite basis for Suits of afternoon. Navy blue leads with shades of brown and green following close for popular favor. The Autumn Suit provides all-around serviceability and utility not found in any other garment which is one reason why it is always chosen early by women who dress tastefully.

Osgood's Autumn Suit Prices Are
\$45.00 to \$150.00

Osgood's
for
Quality

MALE
and
FEMALE

GAINS THIRTY POUNDS ON
3 BOTTLES OF NERV-WORTH

Josephine Smith of Dayton, Ohio, Had Fallen From 180 Pounds to 120, But Nerv-Worth Soon Restored Her to Health and Helped Her to Rapidly Regain Her Former Strength and Weight.

"About 4 years ago, I broke down completely," said Miss Smith of Dunbar street, Dayton, Ohio, "and," she goes on, "I was very nervous and my stomach and digestion were in bad condition. I had pains in my knees and shoulders and I was also very weak. I had severe headache spells and I would be so dizzy that I was afraid of falling whether in the house or in the street. I weighed 180 pounds, and I lost flesh until I weighed only 120. I purchased a bottle of Nerv-Worth and took it regular, and after using only 3 bottles I went up to 150 pounds in weight and rapidly gained strength and now am gaining weight daily. Nerv-Worth restored my appetite, corrected all my stomach and bowel troubles, and today I am feeling strong and vigorous, and I don't need any medicine. I am grateful that I found such a wonderful medicine as Nerv-Worth. My friends all thought I could never get well, but Nerv-Worth fixed me up and I am working every day. If you are under weight, run down, weak, nervous or half sick, why don't you try Nerv-Worth help you regain your health as it has helped thousands of others? Nerv-Worth acts in a sensible way to restore the whole system. You can't expect to be healthy if your stomach is out of order, or your nerve force is low. Nerv-Worth will overcome your stomach troubles, aid your digestion, drive out impurities, and nutrition, give you rich red blood, nerve force, and good health. It has stood the test of years—and the amount sold in this vicinity is really remarkable. It is not a new and untried preparation, but for years has enjoyed unrivaled sales in this community and has given universal satisfaction. Buy a bottle, take it according to directions and if you are not satisfied your money will be refunded. Be sure to get genuine Nerv-Worth in the round bottle. Sold on a money back guarantee by W. R. CRANE. And all leading druggists everywhere.